Kent News.

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Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.

☞OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.☜

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

One square, three insertions or less - - - $1.00

Each subsequent insertion - - - - - 25

Six lines of Nonpareil or less constitute a square.

Advertisements inserted for three months or a longer period at low rates.

JOB-PRINTING:

—SUCH AS—

HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, CARDS,

BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.,

executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory prices.

VANDEGRIFT'S

HAIR INVIGORATOR

ABOUT a year ago I obtained a VERY VALUABLE RECIPE for making a

HAIR TONIC

which is a Pure and Wholesome Preparation, for Dressing and Promoting the Growth of the Hair, for Allaying & Preventing Inflammation, Alleviating and Curing All Ordinary Diseases of the Scalp and Skin, it also Prevents the Hair from Falling Out, and where it has Fallen Causes New Growth; Prevents the Formation of Dandruff, Cures Tetter, Sores and Humors of the Scalp and Strengthens the Roots of the Hair, Renders the Hair Soft, Pliant and gives it a Beautiful Lustrous Gloss. It has met with such popular favor that I have a general agency established in Baltimore. It is agreeably perfumed and is the Cleanest of all Preparations for Toilett Use, and have placed it within the reach of all, and sold at the small price of **50 Cents** per bottle.

SOME WHO HAVE USED IT:

Joseph N. Thompson,	R. G. Nicholson,
Wm. H. Lambert,	H. H. Barroll,
L. C. Justis, Jr.,	H. C. Chase,
B. F. Fleming,	J. C. Bolton,
W. W. Hubbard,	Father Murphy.
Col. Copeland,	R. Bergen,
Geo. McWhorter,	Miss Hodgkin,
Fred. Gerker,	Mrs. Kimble,
L. J. Smith,	and scores of others.

—FOR SALE BY:—

C. F. Stam, M. A. Toulson, Jos. P. Ireland,

DRUGGISTS.

—Manufactured by—

J. S. VANDEGRIFT,

feb11-6m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CLIFTON MILLS DELAWARE FFF Choice Patent No 1196 WILLIAM LEA

HIGHEST GRADE --PATENT-- FLOUR MADE.

1888

Established 20 Years

New Goods--Low Prices

¾ Brown and Bleached Muslin	4½c. a yard
4-4 " Heavy " "	6c. "
4-4 " Heavy " "	7c. "
Fruit of Loom " "	9c. "

Calico 3½, 5, 6c.; Simpson's Mourning Prints 7c.; Double Purple 7c.; Dress Ginghams 5c. to 10c. per yard; Tickings to 25c.; Misses' Hose 5c. to 10c. a pair; Ladies' Solid Colored Hose ..... 8c. a pair; Ladies' Balbriggan Hose ..... 10c. " Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbriggan Hose ..... 25c. " Ladies Corsets, good 25c, extra good Corsets 45c. " Ladies Vests, extra good ..... 45c.

Gloves	5c. to 25c.
Gents Undershirts	25c.
Extra Heavy Undershirts	45c.
Gents unlaundried Shirts, New York Mills Muslin, pure Linen Bosoms	65c.

Clark's Cotton 5c. a spool, or 55c. a dozen; Buttons 5c. a gross.

GROCERIES!

Brown Sugar	5c. per pound.
Nearly White Sugar	6c. "
Granulated Sugar	7½c. "
Enterprise Coffee	24c. "
Good Tea, green and black	50c. "
Good Syrup	30c. a gallon.
Black Molasses	20c. "
Pure Apple Vinegar	30c. "
Best Coal Oil, no smell no smoke 14c. a gal. or 8 gallons	$1.00
Red C. Coal Oil 16c. a gal. or 5 gallons for	75c.
Lump Starch	4½c. a pound
Bread Soda	4½c. "
Babbitt's Best Soap 5c., 22 bars for	$1.00
Soapine	4c.
Kirk's Chicago Soap	4c.

Our TOBACCO at 40c. BEATS the BEST.

Cigars 90c. a Box--100 in a box.

CONFECTIONERY!

CANDY, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRANTS,

MINCE MEAT, ALL KINDS CANNED FRUITS, VEGETABLES and MEATS, MACKAREL, HERRING and SHAD.

FLOUR—Clifton, Kirkwood, Occidental, Patapsco Superlative, do. Family, do. Extra and Orange Grove at LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

Country Produce at Best Market Price.

Respectfully,

J. B. SAPPINGTON,

at the Old Stand on Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.

Dec. 10, 1887—6m.

Men Should Read and Remember 'Tis Only a Habit.

Smoking and Chewing!

YET great men as well as wise men Smoke or Chew. When once accustomed to chewing or smoking there is a great deal of pleasure derived from inhaling the smoke from a fine cigar, and also by enjoying the extract of fine tobacco. To satisfy this habit you should remember that

J. L. McFEELY

—has the—

Tobacco Emporium of Kent County,

where you can find

ALL GRADES OF TOBACCO,

CIGARS, PIPES, SMOKING TOBACCO, &c.,

from the cheapest to the highest. I have the largest stock and assortment in the county.

B. F. GRAVELY'S SUPERIOR

is my leading brand. A Call will convince you of the above fact.

Wholesale:

Merchants can save their freight by buying of J. L. McFeely's, Store opposite the bank, and below Stam's New Hall. j14.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE Tax-Payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT are hereby notified that I am now prepared to receive their taxes for 1887.

For the convenience of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons until further notice.

STEPHEN LECATES,

s3-tf. Collector 4th District.

SPECIAL TAX NOTICE.

THE TAX-PAYERS of the Fifth Election District will please bear in mind that THE TAXES ARE NOW OVERDUE and prompt payment of same is expected. Delay in same will be AT YOUR EXPENSE and not mine. J. FRANK WHEATLEY,

ja14-tf. (COLLECTOR.

LOW ESTIMATES will be furnished on our Building Lime and Hair to large orders at

J. D. BACCHUS'

mh5-tf. Coal and Woodyard.

WM. H. CACY.

CORN, OATS, TRUCK, PEACHES!

I have Fertilizers especially prepared for each of above crops. Am also prepared to mix SPECIAL FORMULAS, or to supply those wishing to mix their own goods, with the best quality of Raw Materials, of which I have a large stock, consisting of

Pure Bone Meal, Dissolved Animal Bone, Bone Black,
Dried Blood, South Carolina Bone, Azotin,
Muriate of Potash, Tankage, Kainit, Plaster, &c.

W. H. CACY, Chestertown, Md.

March 17, 1888—s

Fertilizers for Peach Trees, Corn,

OATS, POTATOES, GRASS, TRUCK.

ORCHARD COMPOUND, a PEACH TREE FERTILIZER, only the best material used in its manufacture. A strictly first-class article.

CORN FERTILIZER—THE HOME IMPROVED—has been used for years, giving its patrons entire satisfaction.

CHESTER COMPOUND. A Complete Manure of established reputation.

NO. 1 AMMONIATED SUPERPHOSPHATE. Also a Complete Manure, and one of the most popular on the market.

Dissolved Bones, Raw Bone Dust, Magnesia, Plaster, &c., &c.

For Sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.,

March 24, 1888. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

IT HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED

TRADE MARK

Beyond a doubt that **Concentrated Animal Bone Fertilizers** are superior to low grade, or Acid Goods, as a means of growing Truck, such as Sugar Corn, Tomatoes, Potatoes, etc., and, as will be shown by the following Testimonials, **Our Corn**, as well as our **Special Truck Fertilizer** stands second to none on the market:

FOR CORN.

Mr. ALLEN WALLACE, of Sweedsboro', N. J., says I could tell to the very row where I used your fertilizer on my field corn, and when I came to mow my grass, where the goods had been used, there was such a difference in the crop that some of my friends asked me why I mowed part of the field and let the other stand, when the truth of the matter was your fertilizer made the grass 5 or six inches higher; it was more marked from the fact that the corn rows ran diagonally across the field, and I could see the difference in the second mowing. I believe it to be grand, good stuff, and will use it again this spring.

Mr. J. CORDRAY LOUD, of Pomona, says for a number of years he has used our fertilizer on his corn; it prevented frenching and always paid him.

Mr. J B. HANWAY, of Joppa, Harford county, Md., says in the spring of 1884 I bought 8 tons of your special Truck Fertilizer for my sugar corn and tomatoes, and liked it so well that I bought more heavily the next season, until last spring I bought 94 tons, and expect to use more than ever this season. Your goods has an excellent reputation with us.

Mr. JAMES R. MASSEY, of Harford county, says he made a test with our Corn Phosphate alongside dissolved Animal Bone and Oriole Super-Phosphate, and sold the corn to canners by the ton, and that our goods netted him $14 more to the acre.

C. C. BROWN & BRO., of Pomona, say they continue to use our Corn Phosphate because it pays them.

FOR TOMATOES.

Mr. WM. R. ALABAND, of Wyoming, Del., says I used your fertilizer on tomatoes by the side of Green Bone Phosphate and Sun Guano. The Green Bone was cracked so high I put it next to the road to show off big, and the Sun Guano next and the last Hubbard's, away back, as its merits were kept quiet; but when visitors came to see my patch of tomatoes I always pointed out the ground on which all three kinds were, and Hubbard's got the credit of being far superior to the others. When picking time came it was all in all.

Mr. HERMON PYLE, of Harford, says I used your Truck Fertilizer on my tomatoes in connection with other standard brands. Where your goods went the vines kept greener, fruit was prettier, yielded more, and will use a car load or two this spring.

Mr. J. W. KNIGHT, of Webster, Harford county, says about the same.

Mr. J. H. COPPER, our county, says he has used our goods on his various crops of truck with satisfaction.

FOR POTATOES.

Mr. WM. M. BATTEN, of Sweedsboro', N. J., says for several years I had been paying $13 more per ton for Mapes Potato Manure than for yours, and in order that we might know whether the other was worth the difference, last spring we applied them both alike, marked the rows and dug the potatoes separately. There was a basket more to the row where your goods went; they were larger, smooth and nice potatoes. Will use yours exclusively this spring.

Mr. WM. WOOD, of Hanesville, our county, says your fertilizer made for me as fine a crop of potatoes as I ever grew. The spot where applied was a poor piece of land that came in the corn field the next year, and you could see a decided difference in the corn where the potatoes had been. Never before had I seen such lasting and beneficial effects. My neighbors in looking at my corn noticed it.

☞We ask but a fair and impartial trial of our Bone Super-Phosphates.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

Mar. 24, 1888. Manufacturers, Chestertown, Md.

ATTENTION FARMERS!

Our Goods the Best! Our Prices the Lowest!

The prospects for the present year are encouraging to the agriculturist. Corn commands a good figure and is likely to remain so. Wheat is a better price, and is apt to improve. Fruit growers are happy in the prospect of a full crop. The supply of canned fruits and vegetables is not large, the demand will therefore exceed the supply of the present season. Farmers feed your crops with the proper food, *the best is the cheapest.* The reputation gained for our goods and the results obtained therefrom, classes them among the best. The secret of success is to make goods equal to any and to sell them at a lower figure. **This we do.** Among the well known brands that rank among the best, are our Peach and Vine Guano, unexcelled for Peach trees; Climax, for Corn and truck; Acme, for Corn and truck, especially adapted for stiff land, prevents "frenching" in corn; also special phosphates for Oats, potatoes, &c. Black Residuum for sale in quantities to suit—fine dry stock. The following testimonials (are among the many that we are now receiving) to which we call your attention:

—TESTIMONIALS:—

Church Hill, March 1, 1888.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: I have used the Peach Tree Guano manufactured by you. I have used it for the last two seasons and I am much pleased with the results. My orchard was fifteen years old when first applying your guano. It was in a very bad condition; had begun to decay very much. I noticed a great improvement after one application of your goods. In the following spring, 1887, I again applied 400 pounds broadcast per acre. I had a medium crop of peaches, while some of my neighbors, with much better orchards, failed to get any, although full of bloom in spring. They did not use your guano. My orchard to-day is more promising than it has been for the last 6 or 8 years. I believe your Peach Guano has made it what it is to-day. I shall continue to use it while ever it gives me such good results. Wherever your Guano has been used in this section good results have followed. I also used your Corn Phosphate last spring with good results; got better returns than from any Phosphate I ever used. You are at liberty to publish this statement. GUS. POTTER.

Fairlee, Dec. 17, 1887.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: I used three-quarters of a ton of your Peach Tree Guano, and applied it to one-fourth of my orchard last spring. On the part fertilized I received more than five times as many peaches. I made this trial as an experiment, and am fully satisfied that it pays to use your fertilizer. There were very few peaches about me last year; many orchards did not have any. Six rows of one variety where I put the Phosphate were full of peaches this past year; and what is more surprising, the same trees were very full the year before. This result was very unusual last year, and fully satisfies me that your Peach Tree Guano did the work. R. C. SMYTH.

Chestertown, Feb. 28, 1888.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—The fertilizer that I bought from you last spring I used on my corn on the Pippin farm. This land had been put on corn two years previously and was in wheat two years before that, making five years in tillage. My crop of corn was excellent, greatly beyond expectations. You have my order for this spring, and I advise all farmers to use your goods; they are reliable and low-priced. JOSIAS RINGGOLD.

Tilghman's Station, Md., Feb. 29, 1888.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gentlemen: Mr. Sol. Seney and myself used your Peach Tree Guano last spring on our peach orchard. The result was fully up to our expectations. There are about one thousand trees in the orchard, and it is fourteen years old. We sold the orchard to a speculator for twelve hundred and seventy-five dollars, and he was satisfied with his profit. The orchard has made a fine growth for this year and is full of buds. I can highly recommend your goods. JOHN M. CECIL.

PRICE'S STATION, MD., March 1, 1888.

Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co.—Gents: I used some of your Special Mixture on potatoes last spring, and grew a large crop and of a fine quality. I think it is a good mixture for truck. Resp'y, E. B. WALLS.

MANUFACTURED BY

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,

Chestertown, Md.

March 17, 1888—s.

CLOVER SEED! CLOVER SEED!

CHOICE, RECLEANED, WESTERN. In any quantity. Bottom prices. J. H. IRELAND,

j14-tf. Locust Grove, Md.

CLOVER SEED! CLOVER SEED!

For sale at Bottom Prices.

☞A choice lot to arrive.

jan7-tf. Respectfully, R. E. PARKS.

SPRING OPENING!

NEWEST, PRETTIEST, CHEAPEST!

Dress Goods,
Calicoes,
Linens, &c.

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and CAPS.

—AND—

Wares of all Kinds,

☞NOW OPENING AT☜

J. H. SIMPERS'.

☞Call and see my Styles and Low Prices.

Respectfully, J. H. SIMPERS.

Feb. 25, 1888.

ROLLER PROCESS KIRKWOOD 196 WILLIAM LEA & SONS

THE FINEST --FAMILY-- FLOUR TRY IT.

—READY—

FOR SPRING TRADE

PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Chain and Rope Traces, Plow Hames, Wagon Hames, Grub Hoes, Corn Hoes, Bush Hooks, Plow Lines, Cotton and Sisal Ropes, &c. For sale at Lowest Market Prices by

WM. A. WHEATLEY,

adjoining the Bank.

BARBED AND BUCKTHAWN

FENCE WIRES!

For sale by WM. A. WHEATLEY,

adjoining the Bank.

MOUNTED AND UNMOUNTED

GRINDSTONES

For sale by WM. A. WHEATLEY,

adjoining the Bank.

ALL KINDS OF

TINWARE, SMOKESTACKS, &c.,

—Manufactured by—

WM. A. WHEATLEY.

N. B.—Roofing and Spouting a specialty, and old Tins Repaired at short notice.

The Modern Marvel!

THE SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW with Reversible Shares and Points, the most Durable and Economical Plow on the market. Jointer attached to standard and will not choke in grass or weeds. Below find names of some persons who use them:

V. Hendrickson,	Samuel T. Rolph,
George Bell,	Daniel K. Woodall, Jr.,
Wm. J. Tarbutton,	W. B. Strong,
E. P. Janvier,	Wm. A. Hendricks.

Twenty-five of them just received and we invite inspection. The old reliable REMINGTON CHILLED PLOW for sale and Repairs furnished for same.

WM. A. WHEATLEY,

Feb. 25, 1888. adjoining the Bank.

—VERY—

Heavy Reduction

IN THE

FOLLOWING LINE of GOODS

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED

Linen TABLE DAMASK

HEAVILY CUT IN PRICES.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Do not forget the GREAT BARGAINS we are offering in a number of lines of BOOTS and SHOES.

We have just cut a large line of BOY'S BUTTONED SHOES to near *HALF THEIR VALUE.*

REMEMBER THE LINE OF

Floor Oil-Cloths!

REDUCED to COST. GOOD PATTERNS and DESIRABLE GOODS.

CALL AND SEE US and you will find that we will *SAVE YOU MONEY.*

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

February 25, 1887.

LEA'S
FANCY PEARL
HOMINY
AND HOMINY GRITS
NOW READY.

New Store--Old Stand!

Mrs. D. GRUBER.

HAS thoroughly renewed and refitted her business property up-town and is now better able than ever heretofore to supply the public with

Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies,

and indeed everything in the Bakery Line. Long experience, the best material, and personal attention to the business enables her to give the very best goods for the least money.

CONFECTIONERY.—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call. MRS. D. GRUBER,

sep3-y. Up Town.

THE LIGHT RUNNING "DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE,

and all attachments, for sale by

d3-tf. LOUIS K. STAM.

A TOUCHING SONG.

Sung by Chaplain McCabe in the New York Conference.

In the New York Conference last week Chaplain C. C. McCabe made a few remarks and sang a song, which he said was written by a man who had lost his little daughter. When Chaplain McCabe had finished there was hardly a dry eye in the house, and many men and women were sobbing aloud. He also told of Elijah Hayes, who, after the death of his little daughter, last June, gave all his property, amounting to $130,000, to the missionary cause. The following is the song which Chaplain McCabe sang with peculiar pathos and sweetness:

She was ready for sleep and she lay on my arm
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair falling out at the edge
Like a circle of noon sunshine;
And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"
And "three men who put out to sea,"
When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, what would you take for me?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart,"
And she slept, baby weary with play,
And I held her warm in my love-strong arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away.
O, the dollar meant all the world to me,
The land and the sea and the sky,
The lowest depth of the lowest place,
The highest of all that's high.

All the cities with streets and palaces,
With their pictures and stores of art,
I would not take for one low soft throb
Of my little one's loving heart;
Nor all the gold that was ever found
In the busy wealth-finding past,
Would I take for one smile of my darling's face,
Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away;
She was weary and sleepy with play,
And I held her warm in my love-strong arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away;
And I hummed and hummed and hummed away,
How much, O, how much would it be?
When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, what would you take for me?"

And the morning came, and my babe was as white
As the pillow on which she lay,
For the angels came in the dark midnight
And they bore my darling away;
And I bowed my head and thought of those
Who dwell far over the sea,
Who hear not the voice of the blessed Christ;
"Let the little ones come unto me."

So I laid my baby to rest at last
In the churchyard, so lonely and cold,
But I know that she now is with God on high,
And she's walking the streets of gold.
And I gave my wealth that all might hear
The words that so comforted me,
For so many are the hearts that are weary and sad—
Yonder, over the restless sea.

IN THE WINDOW.

"I'll keep the light in the window, Sandy, till you come back."

"Never mind, mother," said the boy, standing at the door in an uncertain, slouching kind of way, "I—I might be late."

"It's dark along the lane," said the mother, "and a bit of candle-light would be ill-spared if you got a tumble by it. I'll keep the candle burning till ye come back."

She was a hard-featured Scotch woman, healthy and active, though no longer young, and, as she talked she worked on, ironing the linen she had washed and starched and heaping it, like a snow-drift, in a great basket beside her. Four other children were in the room, girls and boys, too young to do much for themselves, but Sandy was eighteen, a tall, handsome fellow, with ripe lips and cheeks and dancing eyes. "If Sandy only would have been a little steadier," the mother often sighed; but to be "steady" was not Sandy's forte. Off, ever and always to the river-side, where other lounging boys watched the boats come in at the ferry, or plunged stones into the water for the village pet, the great Newfoundland, "Whiskers," by name, to "fetch." No harm in that, the mother thought, if the boys had all been good; but evenings at the store they were worse; and the decent washerwoman shivered as she listened to her boy's home-coming step at night, lest some day he should copy Squire Peeler's boys and drink too much. Squire Peeler's boys were her terror, though they were the sons of the richest man in the neighborhood. But now, as Sandy stood in the door, so tall and fair and bonny, the mother's heart grew light. "He'd be sure to 'settle down' and help her with the baiting some day," she said. No doubt of that; he was but a bit of a boy now; and she ironed on until her work was done, and then put the candle in the window to light the boy along the lonely lane at his home-coming. The candle burnt itself away and sunk into the socket and the very wick smoldered out, leaving only smell and smoke behind it, and still lit no Sandy across the threshold of his humble home, for that night Sandy ran away.

The life at home was too hard for him. The restraints of his mother's watchful eye irked him. To do his own will, to have his own way, Sandy left his home behind him, but he had grace enough to remember, with a pang, these words:

"I'll keep the light burning till ye come back, Sandy."

Some vague hope of being rich and doing great things for those at home, was in his mind, or he believed so; but a selfish desire to escape the drudgery and the restraint gave the actual impulse to his steps. He shipped as a sailor the next day, and began in earnest a wild and reckless sailor's life.

It suited him. Now and then, when the storm was at its height and far in the distance the lamps of some tall lighthouse shone like a great red eye, the tiny flicker of that window sheltered candle would dawn upon his memory, and he would hear his mother's voice saying, "I'll keep it burning until ye come back, Sandy." Now and then, amid the yarns and songs of the forecastle merry-making, he heard the crooning of the tunes she used to sing over her work—old Scottish ballads, or perhaps some hymns handed down from the time when the old Covenanters worshipped God and defied man among the purple heather. They never lured him home to help her, though.

The years rolled on, and even this one sting of conscience ceased its paining. In those days there were no such beings as sober sailors, nor captains of temperance principles. Hard drinkers were most old salts and most young ones. Sandy drank with the rest. He grew broad and stout. His cheek was bronzed, his light hair changed its tint, his voice grew deep and coarse. He was in no way a good man, but he was a good sailor. As the years passed he came to be an officer—first mate of the Agamemnon. His pockets were full enough for all his purposes. The sea was better than land to him, and when on shore he led that kind of boisterous life that drives the thoughts of "mother" from men's very souls. He had friends, at least he thought so, men who knew him when his pay "jingled" in his pockets. He was not niggardly—nay, once he had emptied his remaining dollars into a beggar's hand. Sandy was bravest of the brave; but he had never been brave enough or generous enough to go back to the eastward seaport where his mother had left the candle burning for him in the window—never, never.

Five years were gone, and ten and fifteen and twenty. A man nearly forty years of age stood in Sandy Cameron's shoes—a man who led the wildest life under the moon ashore; a man to whom fiery brandy was as water to a child; a man who remembered God only in his oaths; when the Agamemnon came, after a long and stormy voyage, just within sight of the coast—within sight of its lighthouse, at least—for in the darkness of a stormy night nothing else was visible. Battered with the storms already, bruised by the waves, wounded by rocks, still the Agamemnon fought her way homeward; by the morrow's eve sound earth would be beneath the feet of the wave-weary mariners—for once, at least, all longed for it, even wild Sandy Cameron. He was glad. He watched the towering lamps with joy, and swore that they were pleasant sights. Before he slept he stood a long while leaning over the taffrail, smoking, and thinking, if he ever thought. It was an evil lingering for the Agamemnon. A spark from the cigar held in unsteady hand, regarded by eyes not brighter for recent draughts of brandy, made its way somehow, wind-borne or demon-borne, into the places where the cargo of the vessel had been stored away, and at the dead of night they of the mid-watch saw stealing through the planks beneath them red and yellow tongues of flames. The vessel was on fire.

"Fire! fire! fire!" the word rang its way to heaven, shouted by every tongue on board.

The scene that follows beggars description. None who lived to remember could ever forget it. There was no hope from the first, none save in the boats. They were filled at once. Who could forget it! Oh, who could forget it! The old man pointing to the lights on shore and loudly crying:

"I wanted to see the children once before I died."

The captain, deathly pale, showing that strange bravery which sailors only possess at such a time.

Changing from a dictatorial old hard drinker to a very hero; clinging in romantic fondness to his ship; and while he did his best for every other soul on board, forgetting himself and vowing to sink with the ship.

The young passenger and his bride—she clung to him; the mother with her babe bound to her breast—praying on her knees amid the tumult. The orphan child going home to its grandparents, wonder-stricken, and yet scarcely conscious of its danger. The sailors changed like the captain into heroes. Who could forget all this? Amid them all, gigantic in his strength, sobered at last by the awful scene around him, toiled Sandy Cameron. They remembered him well whose lives he saved. The bronzed man with light hair and the grip of Hercules. So the boats and rafts—some to live, some to die—were all afloat. All gone into the darkness, and struggling forms had vanished from the waves, and alone together, the flames approaching them like dancing demons, stood old Capt. Oaks and his first mate, Sandy Cameron.

"Captain," said Sandy, "it's most all over."

"Aye, aye, lad," said the captain. "Give me your fist. We've sailed together a good while now. We seem bound for the long voyage now. Lord help us, Sandy."

"There's a chance yet, maybe," said the first mate. "Try for it, captain."

"No," said the sailor, "I go with her. No wife waits for me, no child. She's my wife and children, all in one. Try you. I go down with her."

That was the last that Sandy Cameron saw or heard of the captain. A rush and a roar from below, where spirits were stored, ended the words. There came blindness and silence, and time made a pause for him.

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At last there was sound again. The sound of waters. Sight, the red lamps of the lighthouse. Feeling, that of the wet sand against his face. Some strange Providence had saved Sandy Cameron's life. Bruised and weak, he lay motionless for a long time. Bruised and weak, still he staggered to his feet at last.

Above him—his sailor eye used to remember such things—towered well-known rocks, kissed by a struggling moonlight. The sea had flung him into the arms of his native seaport, and up above, a man wandering along the shore, watching the light-house signals, perhaps, was singing a hymn:

"There's a light in the window for thee, brother;
There's a light in the window for thee!"

And then the tears rolled down the sailor's cheeks, and his softened heart yearned for the mother who had said "I'll keep a light till ye come back, Sandy."

Twenty years ago, and she was nearly fifty then. Probably she was dead; but some one might be in the old home yet, who could tell him of her. And so, in the midnight darkness, the sailor staggered up the river path, through the changed streets, and, led by the compass of his heart, to the lane where his boyhood home had been so long before.

The lane was no more—a street of houses now; but at its end, or he dreamt, Sandy saw a candle gleam. He drew nearer. No fancy misled him. Yes, between the curtains stood a candle, in very truth—and in the window of his own old home. He staggered on, his heart beating wildly. He struck the door with his hand. He waited trembling, and the door opened; at it stood an old, old woman, with white hair—his mother. He knew her stern, strong features and her blue eyes still.

"What's this?" she said, in her Scottish accent; and he answered:

"A poor sailor, shipwrecked and needing shelter."

"Come in," she said, "come in and warm ye. It's a bitter night. The candle led ye here, na don't. It's burnt these twenty years. Ye wonder at that? I'd a boy once. He left me. The candle burns for him. I've a fancy it will wile him back yet; and I've gone without bread, many a time, to keep it burnin'. The others are all dead; but I'll not believe he's gone; and I said I'll keep a light till ye come back, Sandy—and I will."

And then, as he flung himself on his knees before her, she knew that Sandy had had come back, indeed.

He never again forsook her. A better son and a better man than Sandy came to be, those of the seaport say they may never see again. And if you will go hither, they will point you out the little cottage window, at which, strong in her faith for his return, Captain Cameron's mother kept a light burning for him for all the nights for twenty years—that and the mansion where, with her son, now married and captain of an ocean steamer, she yet lives to bless him.

Knew What She was About.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord has been doing a part of the season in Washington. A well-known lady correspondent called on the wife of a representative and said: "I am dying to call on Mrs. Hicks-Lord, and describe her apartments. But I don't know her, and haven't anybody to introduce me. Now, if you will let me have that beautiful bit of embroidery on the table, I will go on the pretext of showing it to her and getting her to order one like it."

The bargain was struck.

The enterprising newspaper woman seized the attractive souvenir and made her way to Mrs. Lord, who received her pleasantly, even after she had announced her false errand.

"This is lovely!" she exclaimed. "I should think you would stay at home and do as much as you could and sell it in the stores. How much does such a stand cover as this bring, for instance?"

"I sell these for $15," carelessly answered the scribe, casting furtive eyes about the room, and taking an inventory of furniture and wardrobe.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the millionairess; "15! how cheap! Here's the money!" counting it out at once.

"Oh, dear no! I can't sell this! This is already spoken for and promised. But I can make you one like it," said the terrified visitor, reaching the embroidery.

"I go home this very day, and I must have this," said Mrs. Lord. "You can make Mrs. Whatsername another," and she calmly went and put it in her trunk and resumed her packing. The correspondent had not energy enough to recover the property, and when she reappeared before the obliging owner she was grieved to hear: "Oh well, it's very nice to gratify your curiosity, but that embroidery cost me just $84!"

A DULUTH newspaper paragrapher says: "Our Presidential ticket is Conkling and Lockwood—the Apollo and Belva dear of American politics."

IT has come to be an aphorism among Western farmers that the steer is sure money, the pig is quick money, and the colt is big money.

AN observing writer says farmers often fail to realize how hard their wives work, and how largely their own success is the result of that poorly requited toil.

PAUL BOYNTON'S PERIL.

Narrow Escape of the Noted Swimmer From Drowning in Lake Michigan.

Captain Paul Boynton, the noted swimmer, had an experience in Lake Michigan on Tuesday of last week which he will not forget for some time. The Captain has grown heavy during the winter, and to reduce his flesh has recently taken little pulls out into the lake in his rubber suit. Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock he left Fullerton avenue for a swim to South Chicago and return, and met with the most thrilling adventure of his life, in which he battled for hours with a great ice floe, was carried many miles out into the lake, stripped of his navigating instruments and lost for fifteen hours in the cold, bleak waste of drifting ice, hanging clouds and straggling ducks and gulls. From 7 o'clock in the morning until midnight the Captain was without food or drink, and the chill of the icy water had driven him to the desperate resort of hard work all that time to keep up a vigorous circulation so that he would not chill and perish in the lake. At midnight, when he was rescued at the crib, his vitality was almost gone. Stimulants were applied and the daring navigator put to bed. A telephone message was sent to the police that the Captain was saved and by them taken to his little family, a wife and son, who were distracted by his long absence and supposed he had perished.

Captain Boynton was in bed when a reporter called at his home last evening. He was exhausted, the reaction from his desperate excitement of the day before having made him weak and sick.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"When I entered the water at 7 o'clock," the Captain said, "there was a fresh west wind. I swam about two miles, intending to clear the crib for a trip to South Chicago. Just about the limit of my run east I began to meet ice. I pushed through it for a time and then ran across some floes on to which I climbed. Meanwhile a heavy sky had shut out all view of the sun and the wind had got the ice together. I struggled quite a while in what I thought was the western border of the field and then ran into what I thought was a pocket. I pulled safely through it and came again to straggling floes. I must have fought them until 10 o'clock before I missed my compass. When I looked to get my bearings, having noticed that the city had faded from view, I found the band which bound the compass to my body had either been severed by a piece of ice or had become unbuckled. It was gone. The sun was hidden and there was nothing by which I could get my bearings. The water was cold and I had been in it so long I began to get drowsy. Chills ran through my veins in quick succession, and I saw I must either pull out for somewhere or perish.

FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE.

"I looked about and saw the field of ice was at my feet. I swam feet foremost and then concluded that I had only to pull for the ice to reach Chicago. So I started, and vigorously, too. For five hours I worked as I never did before. The water was heavy and lifeless. I had to fight for every inch I made. Chicago was still nowhere to be seen and I had no notion of the time of day. Then changed my course about half way round and pulled hard for awhile. The ice gathered about me again and when night came I was fighting again for my life. Sometimes I could dodge the drift, at others I climbed upon the cakes and crossed them. When the moon rose I got a flash or a view of it and then saw my mistake. I had crossed the field in the morning when I entered what I thought was a pocket, and all the long pull of the day, with the ice at my feet, had driven me towards Michigan. The turn I had taken had sent me south. I set about and pushed for the moon. At 10 o'clock I saw a faint light in the sky, and an hour later perceived it was from the furnaces at South Chicago. Then I got my bearings and sighted the lights of the crib. I pulled up there at midnight and blew my bugle. I must have called a half dozen times before an answer came. Then Captain McKay answered my signal and I shouted, 'Crib ahoy.' 'Aye, who's there?' the captain answered. 'I must stay here to-night. 'Pull round to the port.'

"When I got there they dropped a bit of rope, into which I fixed my foot, and then they drew me up. They gave me refreshments, put me to bed, and telephoned my wife that I was safe. Captain McKay says when I left the ice at night it was fully fifteen miles from shore, and I think he is about right, because the swim in would take about the time used. I have swam greater distances, but that was the first time I ever was lost, and the battle with the ice and cold was a more thrilling episode than I care to experience again."

Two Kinds of Capital.

In 1848 two young men graduated from an interior college. When they were about to leave for home the president shook them heartily by the hand, and wished them success in life.

"Ah doctor," said one, "it has come to Jim already. He has a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. But I have no capital to begin life with."

Jim's fortune was a large one for those days. He invested it and for a few years lived on the interest of it. The investment proved a bad one, and he lost everything. He had neither trade, profession, nor business habits. Hence he remained for the rest of his life a poor man.

His comrade, knowing that success depended on his own efforts, studied a profession, which, without a dollar of capital, brought him a competency and at last, wealth.

Young men are apt to estimate money alone as capital. That one of their number who has inherited money is, they think, better equipped for the struggle of life than any other. They should look into the comparative commercial value of money and of knowledge and skill before they are quite so sure of that.

Figures, in this case, tell no lies. Of late years, money in this country has decreased in value as a money-getter, while the compensation of service rendered has become larger.

For example, a capable domestic servant in our cities may annually lay by a sum equal to the income upon three thousand dollars in government bonds; and an industrious mechanic, in steady employment, earns a sum equal to the interest of twenty thousand dollars at four per cent. A teamster in Montana, or cowboy in Colorado, finds that his strength and skill are worth to him, in money each year, as much as would be forty thousand dollars invested in the same lands, even if he could buy them at par.

The lawyer or physician in a country town who earns his two thousand dollars annually, if suddenly debarred from practice, would require sixty-six thousand dollars in bonds to yield him the same income; and the editor in chief of a great city daily has a power in his brain worth to